

# The Chronicles of the Arbiter

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Category: Halo

Genre: Adventure, Humor

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2005-06-10 18:48:27

Updated: 2005-06-18 01:33:17

Packaged: 2016-04-27 01:06:15

Rating: T

Chapters: 6

Words: 2,599

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: This is a story about the Arbiter who is awesome by the way. It is supposed to be dumb and silly which it is. It's also very funny so please read it. Please review! I will be adding more chapters by the way. Oh, and so far it has gotten good reviews.

## 1. Chapter 1

The Arbiter walked slowly down the deserted hall. There were putrid stains along the walls which only meant one thing, The Flood. His energy sword flashed in anticipation for the kill. He looked down at his sword, "it's so pretty and glowy." He thought. "Pretty. Pretty. pretty." Suddenly a dark figure jumped in front of him. He slashed wildly with his energy sword. After the figure fell to the floor dead, he realized not only was it a fellow Elite, but it was his only backup. "Oops." He thought, "oh well, it's no use crying over spilled (whatever the alien equivalent of milk is)" and proceeded onward.

## 2. Chapter 2

The Arbiter continued down the hallway silently. Only the buzz of his energy sword could be heard. The Arbiter turned into a room, and the smell of rotting flesh washed over him. Then came a low growl and one of the rotting Flood guys ran at him slashing it's claws. Then some fighting music by Breaking Benjamin mysteriously came on. The Arbiter did one of those cool uppercut things with his sword and the Flood guy fell into a million pieces on the floor. "Wow" said the Arbiter "That wasn't bad, but my pesky armor really slowed me down. I know! I'll take it off, who needs it anyway." 10 minutes later the Arbiter was happily running around Au Naturel, when he suddenly looked down, "AAHHHHH" he yelled "THOSE STUPID PEOPLE AT BUNGIE DIDN'T CREATE ME WITH A CROTCH!" Then he thought about all the other aliens without crotches and felt better that he wasn't the only one. \*\*To be Continuedâ€¦..\*\*

### 3. Chapter 3

Authors note: Hi all of my loving and adoring fans! ( you: yeah right ) anyway, I know most of you people wont read this but anyway. Please review! I get all exited when I get a review. Oh, and if you have any comments or suggestion please put them into the review, also, if there's something you'd like to see happen in the plot, ex: the arbiter eats a cake. If you put it into the review I might put it in the story. Ok, bdbdbdbd! That's all folks! (porky pig reference).

The Arbiter walked slowly into a dimly lit room, when all of a sudden the one remaining light went out. "AAAAAHHHHH" screamed the Arbiter, "I'm afraid of the dark". When out of the darkness he heard a low, growly chuckle, followed by another, and another, until the entire room was filled with low, growly chuckles. The Arbiter couldn't take it anymore, he hashed and slashed and mashed with his energy sword until the room was quiet. It was only when the dying light flickered on again when he realized that not only had he killed all of the Elites and Grunts in the entire building but he had also killed Curt Cobain ( I'm sorry, I wanted something really random ) and that is the real reason Curt Cobain died! ( Well, at least that was Courtney Love's excuse ). At this point he got freaked out and hopped onto his inflatable banshee and flew away.

2 days later, he arrived at the hall of the prophets out of breath. "The Floodâ€¦.too strongâ€¦only one survivedâ€¦is me." A few seconds later, he got up and said, "Sorry about that your phrophetness-es I was just doing the Cathy Smith maximum workout in Halo's workout center ". (There's gotta be some reason why all of the aliens are in such great shape ). "That is just fine Arbiter" said one of the prophets, "Hey Truth, where did I put my dentures?" Truth replied, "Find 'em yourself Mercy coughack coughackyou lazy old windbag!" Mercy obviously did not like this news because he attempted to loudly announce "CAT FIGHT". The Arbiter sighed and began to leave as the old prophets began to feebly slap each other. "Wait Arbiter!" rang out the voice of Regret, the third prophet. "These two old socks have forgotten that we have a new job for you. You must travel to Earth, try and find the one we call the Demon (Master Chief) and kill him. " I shall do so" said the Arbiter proudly. \*\*To be continuedâ€¦..Probably tomorrowâ€¦..\*\*

### 4. Chapter 4

Authors Note: I'm producing these about two chapter per day so keep checking for new additions! Also, the chapters are getting longer.

The Arbiter gathered together a few Elites and Grunts, and set sail on one of those big ship things towards Earth. The Arbiter looked down and saw the large planet that he would have to traverse to find the Demon. As the ship soared over the many rooftops, the Arbiter looked a little to far over the edge of the ship and he fell off.

About 4 seconds later he landed promptly in a pool in someone's backyard. The Arbiter, not knowing how to swim, thrashed around wildly. Luckily, he was close to the edge of the pool and managed to haul himself up. As he was lying in the grass catching his breath, the

face of a plump female appeared in the window. " Edgar! Edgar! There's a dang alligator in our back yard!" she yelled from inside the house. A plump and slightly elderly man ran towards the Arbiter and began to poke him with a stick. "Ella Louise, I don't think this is an alligator" the man yelled towards the house. At this point, the Arbiter stood up and yelled/roared in the face of the man, outstretching all four of hisâ€¦lip things, pulled out his trusty plasma rifle, and shot the guy in the stomach. The Arbiter ran towards the house and broke through the window adjacent to the one where the woman was standing. He quickly turned and grabbed the woman. "Tell me where the Demon is!" he yelled, "Or is shall kill you and your entire race!â€¦.Which I shall probably do anywayâ€¦ but not without backup!" the woman timidly replied "well, I don't know any demons, except, maybe you, but if I were lookin' fer someone I'd try white pages, PLEASE DON'T KILL ME!" "Show me this whiteâ€¦pages" said the Arbiter, and the woman led him to her computer with a quick glance at the door. "Don't even think of escaping scum, you will be dead before you take a step" warned the Arbiter. The woman quickly turned back to her computer and went in to white pages. Then the woman asked, "yessir, what is the name of the demon you're lookin' fer?". "â€¦I believe his name isâ€¦Master Chief.." replied the Arbiter uncertainly. The woman entered the name. "Well, there's a mister and misses Master Chief a few blocks West of here on 1458 Peppermint street" she said "Thank you feeble human, to repay you I shall give you a quick death". And with that, he bit her chubby head off with his very small, but very pointy teeth and leaped away towards 1458 Peppermint street.

A few hours later he arrived at 1458 Peppermint street. "Damned high gravity planets, it takes forever to get anywhere by leaping" he grumbled. The Arbiter walked up the front steps and with a bang he kicked down the pathetic human made wooden door. There, inside, were two wrinkled old people huddled on the couch. "Where is the Demon?" bellowed the Arbiter. "Oh, you mean our son Jimmy?" asked the old man "Yes, I suppose I do" said the Arbiter. "Well, he's not here at the moment, he's out doing his army thing" replied the old man. "Would you like to stay and wait for him?" chimed the old lady. " Yes, I shall" said the Arbiter. "Grand! we never have company" said the old lady, "Would you like some tea deary?" she asked, "Yes please" replied the Arbiter.

A few hours later, Master Chief walked in the door, 'Hey Mom, hey Dad. You will not believe what kind of day I had at the station! First, some marines peed in my shoes, then Cortana wrote me this soppy poem about- WHAAAAA!" yelled Master Chief as he saw the Arbiter sitting on his living room couch plasma rifle at the ready. The Arbiter stood up, "Demon, I have come to kill you". BUM BUM BAAAAA\*\*\*\*\* To be Continuedâ€¦.\*\*

## 5. Chapter 5

Author's note: please check out my other Halo fics.

The Arbiter stood facing Master Chief, his plasma rifle pointed directly at Master Chief's head. "Give up Demon, we are superior, we shall crush your race into oblivion and use your planet for dumping waste! Possibly toxic waste!" said the Arbiter. "Ha!" cried Master Chief, "You wont be able to win, I have contacted the Marines and they are on their way". "Well I have some backup of my own" retorted

the Arbiter then he spoke into his radio and said, "This is the Arbiter contacting my ship, I'm here with the Demon. requesting backup, where are you dammit!" yelled the Arbiter into his radio. As Master Chief patiently waited for the Arbiter to finish his conversation with his backup so that Master Chief might kill the Arbiter, a squeaky voice of a Grunt came on Master Chief's own radio, "Arbiter! Arbiter! This is your backup, we're at Six Flags taking a break, but we will be over ASAP. What are your coordinates?" Asked the tiny Grunt voice. Master Chief replied, "Uhhh, This isn't the Arbiter, but we're at 1458 Peppermint street". The Grunt replied, "Thank you, whoever you are we will be over soon". "\_Oh no!"\_ thought Master Chief, "\_What have I done? I have unknowingly given the Arbiter's my address! My mom's going to kill me!"\_ "It is time for you to die!" bellowed the Arbiter.

Meanwhile, at 1459 Peppermint street, Dorris and Peter were talking in their living room. "Peter, you've been cheating on me, I know it!" said Dorris "Dear, you know I haven't been cheating on you, now it's your turn to make dinner" said Peter calmly. "No! I won't do it! You can't lead two lives! My mother always said you'd be bad for me! So choose, her or me!" Suddenly, a Grunt popped down from the chimney, interrupting the conversation. "Uh, excuse me," said the Grunt, "but is this 1458 Peppermint street?". "No" said Peter calmly, "This is 1459 Peppermint street". "Oh, sorry" said the Grunt, and popped back up the chimney. "So \_that's\_ who you've been cheating on me with!" exclaimed Dorris, "Well Peter, do you think it's prettier than me!"

Back at 1458 Peppermint street, The Arbiter had chased Master Chief all around the house while Master Chief's parents hid under the coffee table. Master Chief, being the careless sort, had forgotten to bring his gun home, and while he ran, he only had the chance to throw the following things at the Arbiter: An empty Altoids box, a cellular phone, some small nail clippers, a COSMO girl magazine, and a cassette of To Kill A Mockingbird. None of these things even slowed down the Arbiter. Suddenly A small group of aliens followed by a small group of Marines burst through the door. Master Chief had to take drastic measures. Master Chief sprinted to the kitchen, threw open the fridge and took a giant glob of his parents' favorite blue cheese, and just as the Arbiter entered the kitchen after him, he threw the glob of blue cheese at the Arbiter's face. The smell alone knocked the Arbiter out cold. Then Master Chief hid with his parents under the coffee table while there was a small bloodbath in his living room. When the Arbiter came to, a few hours later, he was sitting on the couch, being lectured by Master Chief's parents about starting fights in other peoples' homes. This was too much for the Arbiter, he ran out of there as fast as his lengthy yet muscular legs could carry him. Once in the street, Master Chief jumped into his giant ship, which had gotten a 50 dollar fine for parking in a no parking zone, and sped away. \*\*To be Continuedâ€¦\*\*

## 6. Chapter 6

Author's note: R&R please! Oh, please read the important note.

Important Note: After this chapter I probably wont write any more of this story because I am in a writer's block. I can't find any new material so please either email me or put some ideas into a review,

or I will just try to come up with some new ideas (could take any amount of time).

After a long time, The Arbiter returned from Earth to the hall of the prophets. "Arbiter" said Truth in a painfully calm voice, "You have failed us". "I know" said the Arbiter hanging his head in shame. "The council demands your death" said Truth, "But how you die is our decision". "Arbiter, you shall give me a sponge bath for those hard to reach areas" said Truth resolvedly. "It is a task that will claim your life. You shall die like every sponge bather has before you. The council shall have their corpse". With that, Truth lead the Arbiter to the bathroom where a foamy bubble bath awaited.

Days later, the Arbiter reemerged, he was half dead, and mentally scarred for life. Truth, on the other hand, was squeaky clean and smelled like jasmine and vanilla. "You have more vitality than any of us could've guessed. You shall continue on as Arbiter, and we shall deal with the council." said Truth proudly as the other prophets basked in the fact that Truth had finally bathed. "Oh, by the way," said Regret casually "The Brutes were giving us a bit of trouble, we were wondering if you could single handedly wipe out their race. If you fail we'll kill you. Ok! Have fun! Bye!" and they pushed the Arbiter out the door before he even had a chance to react. "\_Ah, well"\_ thought the Arbiter, "\_I'd better get going"\_ , and he flew away on his banshee.

After flying for a few minutes, he began to relax, and he drifted off to sleep. He was awakened by the shaking of his banshee, he was under fire! He turned his Banshee around to see who was attacking him. As he was turning, out of the corner of his eye, he saw what looked like a giant pink banshee with hearts painted on the sides. It turned out it was a giant pink banshee with hearts painted on the sides. "\_Weird"\_ thought the Arbiter, and landed on a nearby meteoroid. The other banshee landed next to his, ad the pilot got out of her ship. It was a female Elite with pink armor, who was dual wielding plasma rifles. A Grunt also stepped out of the banshee. "I'm Raina and this is my pet Poopy. I named him Poopy because he smells like one" said the female Elite. "How nice of you to name your Grunt one of Halo's flowers. I hear they're called poppys on Earth" said the Arbiter. "Oh, did I mention that this is a stick up and I will totally blow your tiny little brain out if you don't give us all of your loot." She said as she pointed her gun at the Arbiter's head. \*\*To be Continuedâ€¦..screw the writers block, I have plenty to write aboutâ€¦â€¦\*\*

End  
file.